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no alternative but to continue wrong. It was his necessity. The tale was even denied; there seems no reason, however, to doubt its truth. Shakspeare—who, as all the world knows, was a better historian than many a man who would deem play-writing a profane art, and Shakspeare himself little better than one of the wicked—may have set down Tyrrell's very words as he narrated the murder:—

"The tyrannous and bloody act is done,
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.
Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless deed of butchery,
Albeit they were fleshed villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
'Oh thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes.'
'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
Within their alabaster innocent arms;
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which in their summer beauty kissed each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost changed my mind.
But oh! the devil!—Here the villain stopped;
But Dighton thus told on:—'We smothered
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That from the prime creation ere she framed.
Hence both are gone, with conscience and remorse.
They could not speak, and so I left them both
To bear thus tidings to the bloody king.'"

But the crime failed to answer its end. Richard had to pay the penalty of his crime by the forfeit of his life, and thus Nemesis was avenged. In the shame attached to Richard's name ever since—in the horror with which all have regarded it—she has had a still deeper and more enduring revenge, and the two young princes murdered in the Tower still live in the page of history and in the sympathies of men.

THE AUTHOR AND THE FRENCH PUBLISHER.

IN 1838, a young author, quite unknown to fame, called one morning early upon the worthy Ambrose Dupont, the celebrated publisher of the Rue Vivienne. The lord of the book-trade was very much in the humour, on that occasion, of a wild boar after a day's chase by fierce dogs. He received the young author literally with a growl, enough to have terrified a timid man out of the house. He coolly pulled out his manuscript, and begged the publisher to read it. Ambrose Dupont, a worthy man, though rough, refused even to look at it. The author insisted. The publisher told him to take it and himself away together. The young man politely declined; and Dupont at last, to get rid of his importunities, told him to leave his book and go.

A week later he called again, and so on for about three months, once every week, to ask the fate of his novel, which, at last, he did hear. It was not a very flattering opinion that was communicated

to him. But he only smiled, and went away. About a fortnight later he presented himself again in the ante-chamber of M. Dupont.

"What, sir," exclaimed he, "again? Methinks I told you my mind last time sufficiently clearly."

"Sir, you convinced me," said the young Jesuit; "and I have called to say that, acquiescing in your opinion, I have burnt my manuscript."

"Ah!" replied the publisher, somewhat surprised, "then I scarcely comprehend the present object of your visit."

"I have not come on my own account, but if you will spare me a few minutes—"

"Walk into my private room, sir," said Dupont.

"Sir," began the other (our readers will recollect the scene is laid in France), "you have heard of Manzoni?"

"Sir, his reputation is European. I would have given him any price for a book."

"Then, sir, allow me to say that—it is a great secret—I bring you the first volume of a translation of a new work by him."

"A whole volume?" exclaimed Dupont eagerly.

"Yes, a whole volume," said the young author.

"Will you leave it a day or two?" asked the publisher.

"No; I can only hand it to you, if sold."

"But you can read a few chapters?"

"With pleasure."

"Excuse me a moment," said Dupont; and he went out and brought a gentleman from an inner room.

The young author read a chapter; the publisher and his friend looked at each other; they smiled. Presently Ambrose Dupont interrupted the reader.

"What do you want for the book?"

"Twenty-five copies, and forty pounds a volume."

"You agree to that."

"With pleasure."

The treaty was made, an agreement drawn up and signed. The publisher was full of admiration. He addressed Soulié, the author, whom he had brought in to listen, in no hesitating language. He declared to him that it was better than any of the celebrated author's previous works; the warm atmosphere of Italy breathed forth in every page. The translator bowed and smiled.

The work went to press, the publisher read the sheets with real interest. At last the eventful day came, when the title-page was placed in his hands. He read with amazement the name of a popular French novel, "Bertrand de Born."

"What do you mean?" he exclaimed angrily; "this is the title of the book I refused."

"Exactly," said the young man.

"And why have you put it to the translation?"

"It is not a translation. This is the book you refused without reading it."

Ambrose Dupont burst into a loud laugh, shook hands with the cunning fellow, and published his book, which was very successful. Such a trick would scarcely have been appreciated in this country, but as French ideas are, it was considered very natural and was generally admired, as what may be called a shrewd and clever ruse.

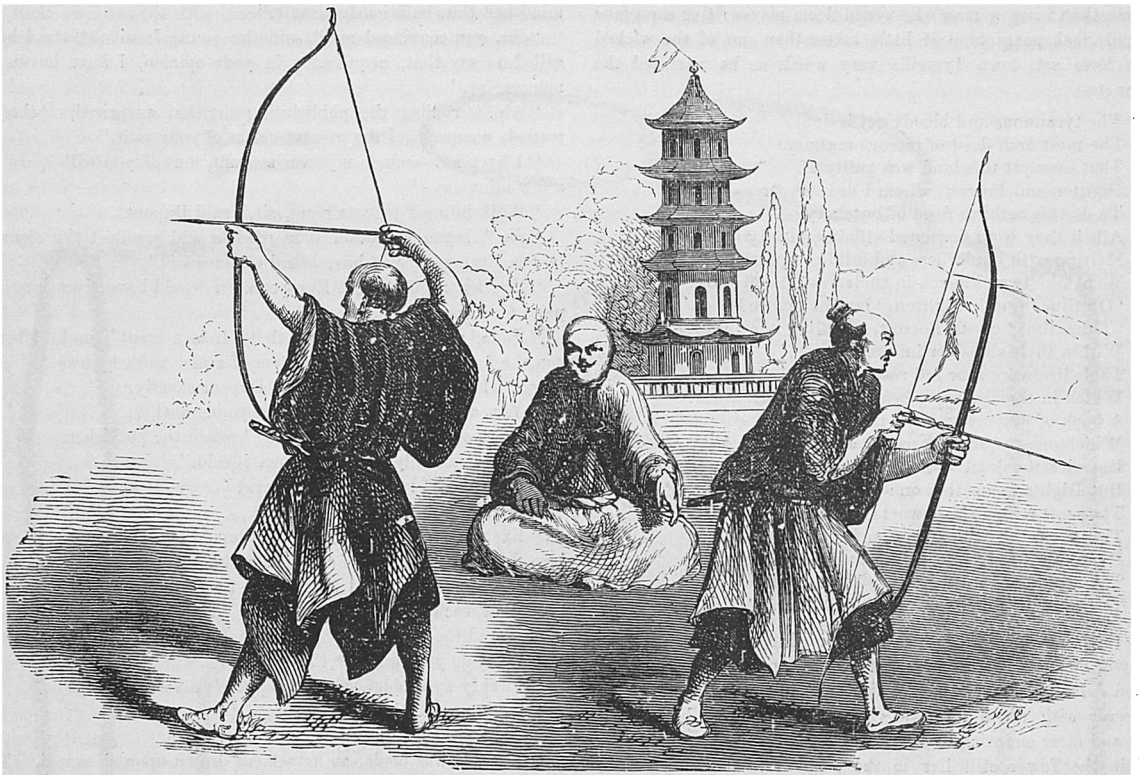
JAPAN AND THE JAPANESE.

THE intercourse between Japan and China is an interesting feature in the history of these two remarkable countries. They were at one time intimate and active, though not always friendly. The Central Empire, as Japanese writers call China, looked down upon Dai Nippon with great contempt, claiming a sovereignty over it; while, on the other hand, the Japanese looked upon the Chinese as inferior animals, below them in morals, in physical formation, and everything. They are ready to own that in letters the Chinese were beforehand with them, because they actually did receive their literary knowledge from the Celestial Nation. According to Chinese historians, civilisation was conveyed to Japan in a very curious way, by a kind of colony. We are told that, in the second century of our era, the lord of the Central Empire, having

been informed by certain learned and worthy philosophers that the herb which gave immortality grew in Japan in abundance, sent over to the island some three thousand boys and girls, who were to discover and bring back the inestimable plant. It appears, however, that the said three thousand boys and girls, being unable to find the valuable vegetable in question, and being all familiar with the summary methods of punishment in vogue in China, remained in Japan and settled there; thus, they all being fresh from school, gave the Japanese the benefit of their learning and letters. Japanese writers, however, contemptuously reject this learned explanation, and say that letters and science came *via* the Korean peninsula; an explanation neither so romantic nor so striking as the former, but, apparently, having the advantage of truth.

The claim of China to sovereignty, something like the claim of early popes to jurisdiction over all America, dates from very

Islands a patent, appointing him Wang of Nippon. It appears that in those days there were civil wars in the land, and that the cun-



JAPANESE ARCHERS.



JAPANESE ARCHERS.

remote periods, from the conquest of Dai Nippon by Zin-mu-tau-wu. But we have it recorded that, previously to the Christian era, the great Son of the Moon and Stars sent to the Emperor of the

ning head of the Celestial Empire wished to gain a footing by taking one side. It was not, however, until the time of the Mongols, who had conquered China, that any serious attempt was made on Japan.

There had been fighting, it is true, in the Corea ; but rather in the form of squabbles than wars.

That there was trade and commerce between the two nations, we know ; but the vulgarity of the subject having terrified the grave chroniclers of ancient days, who condescended to nothing less than a

the rich ; and their expenditure contributed largely to keep up the 750 tea-shops in a town of 750,000 inhabitants.

The study of Japanese literature is rather curious than useful ; and yet, as we become more connected with the race, we shall get interested in their history. In the present day, no nation can keep



A BUDDHIST HIGH PRIEST.

battle, or an embassy, or the death of kings, we have little details ; though we do learn, incidentally, that many Chinese came to Japan, because of the free-and-easy life to be led in the tea-houses of the island—so much more at liberty than those of China, which were under severe regulations. These travelled Chinese were, of course,

wholly apart ; and we have little doubt that the time will come, when it will be considered a part of polite education to be intimately acquainted with the geography and history of all those nations which steam is bringing so close to us.

The earliest specimen of Japanese literature is an account of an

embassy to China, in the year 659. It is written by a learned Korean, a professed literary man. It is called "The Journal of Yukino Murazi of Petsi," and comes down to us in a chronicle of the local history from 661 B.C. to A.D. 696, called "Nipponki," and published A.D. 720. It will be seen that the Japanese were before us in learning in those days, for this work is in thirty volumes. If we judged a book as a Dutchman did, by size, it would, indeed, be a great work. The only pity is, that the Japanese have allowed us to go so far ahead of them since. This work, and an historical survey, in seven volumes, published at Ohosaka, in 1795, bring down Japanese history to 1611.

One of the ambassadors was lost at sea; but Kisa and Yukino Murazi, after a nine weeks' voyage, made the coast of China, stopped there as prisoners some time, and returned to Japan, having done as much business as many other ambassadors in times past. In the year 716, two students went to China; and one, Simo-mitsi-no-Mabi, went home, after a residence of nineteen years, and, taking the name of Kibino Daisi, became a most celebrated literary character. The other was induced to remain in China, as Archive Keeper, and kept the office sixty-one years, when he resigned, and, returning to Japan, was drowned, at the age of eighty-seven.

In 1607, the Chinese sent an embassy to Japan. Relations had been broken off in consequence of the patent sent to the Ziogoon Hideyosi, or Tayko-sama. This potent prince was so indignant at being appointed Wang of Nippon by the Emperor of China, that he replied—"Sovereign of Nippon I have already made myself, and, if it comes to this, I will turn over a new leaf, and make Tai Ming my vassal." A terrible war ensued between the two sovereigns. It appears, as far as we can judge the politics of China and Japan, that the emperor of the former country wanted to play the Czar, and, like that potentate in Turkey, caught a Tartar.

The death of the ziogoon ended the war, which must have been rather a personal affair between two kings; for no sooner was the death announced, than the Chinese embassy came to treat of peace and commerce, all the while, however, keeping up a skirmishing little war in the Korean peninsula. There is, further, a very interesting narrative, in Japanese, of the disasters and adventures of a band of Japanese traders, who were made prisoners by the Tartar subjects of the Manchoo Emperor of China. It is kept at Yedo, and is contained in a history of Chao-seën. It commences with great gravity. "From the earliest times," says the adventurer, "the inhabitants of the coast towns Sinbo and Mikuni-ura, in the province of Yetsizen, have been wont, at the close of winter, to pass over to the dependencies of Japan, there to trade." But then it seems that there was a doubt if the so-called dependencies were, indeed, dependencies; the fact being, that Chao-seën, like a refractory daughter, had thrown off all allegiance, and claimed liberty from vassalage. It appears that the traders hit upon "a

desert place instead of Chao-seën, and at once gave up their commercial speculation. A terrible storm arising, the Japanese made a vow that, if they were preserved, they would throw away—sacrifice to the deities—all their defensive weapons. It immediately after happened, that they were attacked by a horde of enemies, and all the famous Japanese bows and arrows being at the bottom of the sea, the adventurers had, of course, no means of resistance, and all but fifteen out of fifty-eight were slain. But, for this massacre, the Tartars, a kind of Bashi Bazouks, were well bastinadoed. There is a curious passage illustrative of Japanese manners. When the governor "questioned us by signs; whereupon Fiosayemon, taking out his nose papers, blew away a leaf to indicate that we were driven to this coast by the wind. He then sat down in a peaceful attitude, to intimate that we were merchants."

Japan is known as the empire of 3,850 islands, and takes its name from the Chinese form of Nippon, *Jih-pun*, origin of the sun, according to the learned Klaproth. Marco Polo calls it Zipangu, a corruption of *Jih-pun-kwö*, kingdom of the origin of the sun. Authentic records give Zin-mu-ten-woo as the first mortal monarch, who founded the rule of the mikados. He appears to have been a Chinese conqueror, or invader; but as he lived 660 B.C., we have not very detailed accounts of his parentage, which some ascribe to the terrestrial god who preceded him, the last of a long line of divine monarchs.

The mikados, relying on their divine right—which notion has pervaded every savage nation in early times—were despotic, though abdicating young. At last, one mikado abdicated in favour of his son, three years old, whose mother was daughter of a powerful prince. This father-in-law usurped authority until Yoritomo appeared, and after a time restored the old mikado, who appointed him ziogoon. In future, the mikado was only supposed to rule, the ziogoon holding all the power in his hands. The ziogoon, as well as the mikado, became at last an hereditary office.

Hence followed all the elaborate military, civil, and religious orders, which make Japan one of the most oddly-governed countries in the world, though always remaining a semi-religious, semi-military monarchy, upheld by the bows and arrows of the soldiers on one hand, and the priests on the other. The priestly influence in Japan, however, appears to have been even above the military. In savage countries, where the two influences appear to mingle, in general the religious will be found to predominate. The particular priest, of whom an engraving is given (p. 181), is one of the high priests of the sect of Buddah, called by the Dutch travellers "Buddadienst, Secte zee-sjö," or of the sect Senju. This sect have made great way in Japan without having gained any political power. The surrounding features of the cut are ornaments worn by the high priest of this religion. The chair occupied by the worthy father is curious.

BURIED ALIVE.

THERE was not a better young fellow in the Canton de Vaud than Louis Fischer; perhaps there were handsomer, wiser, and more polished striplings—doubtless there were; but when we say better, we mean more thoroughly honest, straightforward, and good-hearted. You could not beat Louis at this. You might equal him perhaps; let us hope, for the sake of the canton, that this could be done over and over and over again; but you could not go beyond him.

And the same thing might be said of Lucy, the herdsman's pretty daughter, for Lucy was as pretty as she was good, which is saying a great deal—for sincerity and kindness and thrifty homely ways she could not be surpassed. In many respects she was better than Louis, and in her own sweet comely person was a realisation of the Alpine proverb—the hen is the better bird all over Switzerland.

Why do we talk about Louis and Lucy in the same paragraph, and bring them thus so closely together; why? They loved one another. You are not surprised at that; at all events you would not have been surprised if you had known them—nobody was who did. They lived in the same village, met every day, and many times a day since they were little children wondering at the snow mountains. They had played together, worked together, learnt

together, worshipped together, and they loved each other now; friendship had ripened into love; the playfellows had become warm friends, and the friends lovers. Who could blame them? Within a circuit of ten miles, measuring from the little village church, there was only one who harboured anything but love towards them for their love to one another. This was Pierre Joseph.

A young man, maybe three years older than Louis, was Pierre Joseph. Some people thought he was better looking, and, perhaps, they were right. He had a higher forehead and a more symmetrical figure; he wore a smarter doublet, and had gold in his pouch, he had received a better education and had seen more of society; people said he knew the world better. Perhaps he did. But fine feathers do not always make fine birds. There was not that open-hearted honesty in Pierre that was always to be found in Louis; and as to his acquaintance with society and knowledge of mankind, we are apt to say men know the world when they only know the worst part of it, and this, or report spake falsely, was the case of Pierre Joseph.

However other people liked him, supposing that there were any who did, and giving Pierre Joseph the full benefit of the doubt, Lucy had no love for him. He had turned his attention towards her